Vol. I. (T) Numb. 19.

The Poetical Courant.

Saturday June the 1st. 1706.

An Acroſtick on the Name of *JOHN* Duke of *Marlborough*. By Mr. *Wright*.

J ohn *Duke of* Marl'brough *Champion of our Cauſe,*
O *ur Lives, Religion, Liberties, and Laws:*
H *eav'n Rais'd him up, to pull the Tyrant down,*
N *or dreads, nor fears he the* French *Monarch's frown;*
D *rawn by his Zeal and Duty to his* Queen,
U *nto whoſe Cauſe he'as ever Faithful been:*
K *nowing the Juſtice of that Cauſe he fought,*
E *xpos'd his Life, and Conqueſt bravely bought;*
O *n ev'ry ſide he ſtill Repell'd their Force,*
F *ighting, though* twice *diſmounted from his Horſe.*
M arl'brough *Great Britain's* Mars, *the God of War*
A *Conq'rour comes with Conqueſt from a far:*
R *enowned Generals are his Captives led,*
L *ewis's Crown ſits Tottering on his Head:*
B *avaria Trembles at his very Name,*
O *ut of his Country flies, to hide his Shame;*
R *ather than meet Great* Marl'brough *in the Field*
O *n any terms, to ſave his Life, he'll yield.*
U *nto kind Heav'n let all our Thanks be paid;*
G *rateful Acknowledgments to our General made,*
H *is Triumphs o'er the wond'ring World diſplay'd.*

On Mr. *Turbit* Marrying Mrs *Hill*. By a Gentleman of *Queen's* College, *Oxon.*

ARE not Ducalion's *Days yet paſt, that we*
A Turbit *ſwimming on a* Hill *can ſee?*
Shall w' in theſe Days ſo ſtrange a thing report,
That Fiſhes *leave the* Seas *on* Hills *to ſport?*
This Hill, *altho' not tir'd with too much ſtanding,*
Lies gently down to give the Turbit *landing.*

A Gentlewoman employ'd a *Spark* to gather Roſes for her, but having very much prick'd his hands wou'd gather no more; upon which, the Lady was pleas'd to have a Roſe Painted over his Door, with this Inſcription under it.

1.

THey hurt their Hands ſometimes that hope to gain,
And pluck the Roſe *from off the prickl'd Tree,*
For why! No Pleaſure *is without ſome* Pain,
The good *and* bad *together mingled be.*

2.

Fair *Weather waxeth ſometimes* foul *agen,*
And after foul, fair Weather oft is ſeen,
So Wiſe Men Note by gathering of that Flow'r,
None reaps the ſweet, *but he muſt taſt the* Sow'r.

From a Gentleman in the Country to his pretended Friend in Town.

1.

FREE'D from the Clamours of the Town,
Within my Peaceful Cell alone,
I oft reflect on Follies paſt;
Think on the Falſhoods of Mankind,
But moſt on yours, Inconſtant Friend,
And then reſolve to root you from my Breaſt.

2.

Since to Love *and* Friendſhip *you,*
Equally have prov'd untrue,
And Fooliſh Empty Joys purſue;
No more ſhall Friendſhip be my Theam,
'Tis but a dull inſipid Name,
My Muſe ſhall ſing great Marlb'rough's *Fame.*

3.

We have no Drums *nor* Trumpets *here,*
But Flutes *and* Oat-Pipes *we'll prepare,*
To ſound the Glories of the God of War:
In Ruſtick Songs and Dances we,
Will Celebrate the Victory,
And in full Bowls carouſe to ANN's *Proſperity.*

On his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. By *N. C.*

PErſons and Things may differ in their Name,
But here the Perſon and the Thing's the ſame,
The ſame's the Duke, *and* Prince *of* Mildenheim,
To Fight *and to* O'ercome's *the ſame with him.*
Courage and Conduct ev'ry Battle gain,
Sov'raign's, and Subjects, Cauſe and Rights maintain,
In one word-- Marlb'rough-- *are all contain'd.*

A Poem,

A POEM,

In Imitation of *MILTON*.

Occaſion'd by a Sermon Preach'd laſt New Year's Day was Twelvemonth, in the Cathedral Church at *Worceſter*, By *F----s* on of the College School-maſters.

Montes parturiunt, naſcitur ridiculus mus. Hor.

THE Annual Revolution of the Sun
Was terminated; and a Recent Year
Step'd forth in Glory, to commence its Courſe,
** When Men with ſanguine Toges did congregate*
† To amble to the Fabrick they frequent,
On Days which nought but Cuſtom conſecrates.
Where in a Crowd I had the local chance,
(As Paupers view Superiors) to behold,
Their Stolid Pomp, and Magiſterial Grace,
Superbeouſly diſplay'd in lofty Seats.
With Heads reclin'd, and dormitorious Eyes,
They kneel'd to ſupplicate an Hour away.
(Heav'n ſurely heard ſuch noble Mendicants!)
Then riſing; by their Stern Athletick looks,
Their Worſhips ſeem'd aſtoniſh'd to ſurvey,
Thro' their communicative Glaſſes One
Whoſe Form might well amuſe the ſteadieſt Souls;
The moſt judicious there, did tacitly
Diſcuſs their Thoughts in one anothers Ears,
And every Face was Gilded with a Smile
To ſee the Roſtrum *fill'd with ſuch a Wight.*
Among the Panegyricks that are writ
To Sooth the Fair, and Flatter Men of Wealth,
May his Portraict thus Painted be Admir'd.
His Hair which Nature to his Vertex fix'd,
When he lean'd forward ſtill eclips'd his Face;
But when he ſtood erect, thoſe pliant Locks,
Hung perpendicularly tow'rds his Heels,
And gently kiſs'd his Collar.
He had an Aſpect that was lately lav'd,
If poſſible to give a luſtre to't,
But all in vain, for meagre Dread, and Hate
Darken'd the regions of his Countenance.
The Cadence of his crack'd Scholaſtick Voice
Was harſh, and unintelligibly low,
Conſcious how oft that fault'ring Tongue of his
Had ſtigmatiz'd the Godlike Naſſaw's *Name.*

* The Aldermen. † The Cathedral.

As the damn'd Sybils *in their Antique Grotts,*
Having evacuated all their Teeth,
Bellow'd their vile Reſponſes thro' their Gums,
Which rather d'd affright than ſatisfy;
So this Pedantick Orator depos'd
Ambiguous Doctrines, in a hideous Style,
Where palpable Solutions ſhou'd have been,
With Winning Words to've Charm'd the City Go-
(vernors.

An Epigram.

HAmmer *the Smith has often ſworn, and ſaid,*
That no Diſeaſe ſhou'd make him keep *his*
(Bed;
His Reaſon was, I've often heard him tell it,
He wanted Money, ſo was forc'd to ſell it.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Advertiſement.

ALL Gentlemen, Ladies, &c. who have any *Original* Copies of Verſes, Heroical, Humourous, Gallant, Satyrs, Odes, Epigrams, Riddles, Receipts, Songs, Prologues or Epilogues, &c. proper to inſert in this Paper; are deſir'd to ſend 'em to *Goddard*'s Coffee-Houſe in *New-Street* near *Fetter-Lane*, or to *B. Bragg*, the *Publiſher*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, and they'll very much oblige the Author, who will faithfully Inſert 'em, and carefully Correct 'em.

†‡† Note, Gentlemen are deſir'd to ſend no Copies but what are ORIGINAL, for they'll not be Inſerted, if known; and if they are not ſent to the above-mention'd Places by *Wedneſday* Night at furtheſt, they cannot be put into that Weeks *Courant*.

† Whole Sets, or ſingle Ones are to be had at the Places above-mention'd.

MARGARET SEARL ſo Famous for Relieving and Curing DEAFNESS, Lives ſtill in *Pye-Corner*, near *Weſt-Smithfield*, where She is ready, upon any Occaſion of that Nature, to ſerve ſuch as Apply themſelves to Her: Being the Surviver of Her Father *Edmund Searl*, and late Husband *Samuel Searl*.

*** The Law Corrupted, a Satyr.

*** A Satyr againſt Ingratitude. Both Printed for *Sam. Sturton*, and ſold by *B. Bragg* at the *Black Raven* in *Pater-noſter-Row*.

THE Univerſal DROPSIE Medicine, which hath done Wonders, rightly prepar'd by the Widow *Fawcet* living in *Three Horſe-Shooe-Court* in *Pye-Corner*. This Excellent Medicine is ſafe and ſpeedy in its Operation, and hath cur'd great Numbers of People, many whereof were in dangerous Conditions and almoſt worn out with Age. Very few Perſons fail of Cure who follow her Directions which are given with each Bottle.

LONDON:
Printed for the Author, and Sold by *B. Bragg*. at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1706.